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T H E

MAN of TASTE.



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OCCASION'D by an

E P I S T L E

Of Mr. P O P E's

On that Subject.

By the Author of the ART of POLITICKS.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. Wright, for LAWTON GILLIVER
at Homer's Head against St. Dunstan's Church in
Fleetstreet, 1733.

Price 1 s.

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The Man of Taste.

WHOE'ER he be that to a *Taste* aspires,
 Let him read this, and be what he desires.
 In men and manners vers'd from life I write,
 Not what was once but what is now polite.
 Those who of courtly *France* have made the tour,
 Can scarce our *English* awkwardness endure.
 But honest men who never were abroad,
 Like *England* only, and its *Taste* applaud.
 Strife still subsists, which yields the better *gout*;
 Books or the world, the many or the few.

True *Taste* to me is by this touchstone known,
 That's always best that's nearest to my own.
 To shew that my pretensions are not vain,
 My Father was a play'r in *Drury-lane*.

Pears and Pistachio-nuts my Mother fold,
 He a Dramatick-poet, She a Scold.
 His tragick muse could Countesses affright,
 Her wit in boxes was my Lord's delight.
 No mercenary *Priest* e'er join'd their hands,
 Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetick bands.
Laws my Pindarick parents matter'd not,
 So I was tragi-comically got.
 My infant tears a sort of measure kept,
 I squal'd in Distichs, and in Triplets wept.
 No youth did I in education waste,
 Happy in an *Hereditary Taste*.
 Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,
 Nor barb'rous birch e'er brush'd my brawny bum.
 My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college-cook,
 My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.
 Grammar in vain the sons of *Priscian* teach,
 Good Parts are better than Eight Parts of Speech:
 Since these declin'd those undeclin'd they call,
 I thank my Stars, that I declin'd 'em all.
 To *Greek* or *Latin Tongues* without pretence,
 I trust to mother Wit, and father Sense.

Na-

Nature's my guide, all Sciences I scorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a *Poet born*.

Yet is my *goût* for criticism such,
I've got some *French*, and know a little *Dutch*.
Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.
Criticks indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-criticks are as good agen.
Tho' *Blackmore's* works my soul with raptures fill,
With notes by *Bently* they'd be better still.
The *Boghouse-Miscellany's* well design'd,
To ease the body, and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me, that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as Nature, when he ceas'd to see,
Milton's an *universal Blank* to me.
Confirm'd and settled by the Nations voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride, and peoples choice.
Always upheld by national Support,
Of Market, University, and Court:

Thompson

Thompson, write blank ; but know that for that reason,
 These lines shall live, when thine are out of season.
 Rhyme binds and beautifies the Poet's lays,
 As *London Ladies* owe their shape to stays.

Had *Cibber's* self the *Careless Husband* wrote,
 He for the Laurel ne'er had had my Vote:
 But for his Epilogues and other Plays,
 He thoroughly deserves the *Modern Bays*.
 It pleases me, that *Pope* unlaurell'd goes,
 While *Cibber* wears the Bays for Playhouse Prose.
 So *Britain's* Monarch once uncover'd fate,
 While *Bradshaw* bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old *Curl* ! he ne'er to publish fears,
 The speeches, verses, and last wills of Peers.
 How oft has he a publick spirit shewn,
 And pleas'd our ears regardless of his own ?
 But to give Merit due, though *Curl's* the Fame,
 Are not his Brother-bookfellers the same ?
 Can Statutes keep the *British* Press in awe,
 While that sells best, that's most against the Law ?

Lives of dead *Play'rs* my leisure hours beguile,
 And *Sessions-Papers* tragedize my stile.

"Tis

'Tis charming reading in *Ophelia's* life,
 So oft a Mother, and not once a Wife:
 She could with just propriety behave,
 Alive with Peers, with Monarchs in her grave:
 Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
 By Prebends bury'd and by Generals kept.

T'improve in Morals *Mandevil* I read,
 And *Tyndal's* Scruples are my settled Creed.
 I travell'd early, and I soon saw through
 Religion all, e'er I was twenty-two.
 Shame, Pain, or Poverty shall I endure,
 When ropes or opium can my ease procure?
 When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
 Self-murder is an honourable way.
 As *Pasaran* directs I'd end my life,
 And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.
 Burn but that *Bible* which the Parson quotes,
 And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
 I have a taste for buildings, musick, men.
 Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,
 With superficial Smatterings at Most.

Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,
 Knows more than *Budgel* writes, or *Roberts* prints.
 I know the town, all houses I have seen,
 From *High-Park* corner down to *Bednal-Green*.
 Sure wretched *Wren* was taught by bungling *Jones*,
 To murder mortar, and disfigure stones!
 Who in *Whitehall* can symmetry discern?
 I reckon *Convent-garden* Church a *Barn*.
 Nor hate I less thy vile Cathedral, *Paul*!
 The choir's too big, the cupola's too small:
 Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
 'Tis *Vanbrug*'s structures that my fancy strike:
 Such noble ruins ev'ry pile wou'd make,
 I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.
 To lofty *Chelsea* or to *Greenwich* Dome,
 Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.
 Her poor to palaces *Britannia* brings,
 St. *James*'s hospital may serve for kings.
 Building so happily I understand,
 That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.
Dorick, *Ionick*, shall not there be found,
 But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.

From

From out my honest workmen, I'll select
 A *Bricklay'r*, and proclaim him architect ;
 First bid him build me a stupendous Dome,
 Which *having finish'd*, we set out for *Rome* ;
 Take a weeks view of *Venice* and the *Brent*,
 Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.
 I'll have my *Villa* too, a sweet abode,
 It's situation shall be *London* road :
Pots o'er the door I'll place like *Cit's* balconies,
 Which * *Bently* calls the *Gardens of Adonis*.

I'll have my *Gardens* in the fashion too,
 For what is beautiful that is not new ?
 Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye,
 With all the angles of a *Christmas-pye*.
 Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
 What's high to sink ? and what is low to raise ?
 Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood,
 And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.
 Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,
 Expence and alteration shew a *Taste*.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
 And know their several beauties by their *Price*.

Auctions

Auctions and *Sales* I constantly attend,
 But chuse my pictures by a *skilful friend*.
 Originals and copies much the same,
 The picture's value is the *painter's name*.

My taste in Sculpture from my choice is seen,
 I buy no statues that are not obscene.
 In spite of *Addison* and ancient *Rome*,
Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.
 How oft have I with admiration stood,
 To view some City-magistrate in wood?
 I gaze with pleasure on a Lord May'r's head,
 Cast with propriety in gilded lead.
 Oh could I view through *London* as I pass,
 Some broad *Sir Balaam* in *Corinthian* brass;
 High on a pedestal, ye *Freemen*, place
 His magisterial Paunch and griping Face;
Letter'd and Gilt, let him adorn *Cheapside*,
 And grant the *Tradesman*, what a *King's* deny'd.
 Old Coins and Medals I collect, 'tis true,
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
 But among friends if I the truth might speak.
 I like the modern, and despise th' antique.

Tho'

Tho' in the draw'rs of my japan *Bureau*,
 To Lady *Gripeall* I the *Cæsars* shew,
 'Tis equal to her Ladyship or me,
 A copper *Otho*, or a *Scotch Baubee*.

Without *Italian*, or without an ear,
 To *Bononcini's* musick I adhere:
 Musick has charms to sooth a savage beast,
 And therefore proper at a Sheriff's feast.
 My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,
 In the harmonious Bagpipe's lofty sound.
 Bagpipes for men, shrill *German-flutes* for boys,
 I'm *English* born, and love a grumbling noise.
 The Stage should yield the solemn Organ's note,
 And Scripture tremble in the Eunuch's throat.
 Let *Senesino* sing, what *David* writ,
 And *Hallelujahs* charm the pious pit.
 Fager in throngs the town to *Hester* came,
 And *Oratorio* was a lucky name.
 Thou, *Heideggre*! the *English* taste has found,
 And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.
 In *Lent*, if Masquerades displease the town,
 Call 'em *Ridotto's*, and they still go down:

Go on, Prince *Phyz*! to please the British nation,
Call thy next *Masquerade* a *Convocation*.

Bears, Lyons, Wolves, and Elephants I breed,
And *Philosophical Transactions* read.

Next Lodge I'll be *Free-Mason*, nothing less,
Unless I happen to be *F. R. S.*

I have a *Palate*, and (as yet) *two Ears*,
Fit company for *Porters*, or for *Peers*.
Of ev'ry useful knowledge I've a share,
But my top talent is a bill of fare.
Sir Loins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleas'd with frogs fricassee, and coxcomb-pies.
Dishes I chuse though little, yet genteel,
Snails the first course, and *Peepers* crown the meal.
Pigs heads with hair on, much my fancy please, }
I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese, }
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas. }
No tatling servants to my table come,
My Grace is *Silence*, and my waiter *Dumb*.
Queer Country-puts extol Queen *Bess*'s reign,
And of lost hospitality complain.

Say

Say thou that do'st thy father's table praise,
Was there *Mahogena* in former days?

Oh! could a British Barony be sold!
I would bright honour buy with dazling gold.
Could I the *privilege* of *Peer* procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.
To *give* is wrong, but it is wronger still,
On any terms to *pay* a tradesman's bill.
I'd make the insolent Mechanics stay,
And keep my ready money all for *play*.
I'd try if any pleasure could be found,
In *tossing-up* for twenty thousand pound.
Had I whole Counties, I to *White's* would go,
And set lands, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But should I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be gloriously undone;
My *debts of honour* I'd discharge the first,
Let all my *lawful creditors* be curst:
My *Title* would preserve me from arrest,
And seising *hired horses* is a jest.
I'd walk the mornings with an *oaken stick*,
With gloves and hat, like my own *footman*, *Dick*.

A footman I wou'd be, in outward show,
 In sense, and education, *truly so*.
 As for my *head*, it should ambiguous wear
At once a periwig, and its own hair.
 My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
 And *dress*, and *talk of dressing*, more than they.
 I'll please the maids of honour, if I can;
 Without black-velvet-britches, what is man?
 I will my skill in *button-holes* display,
 And brag how oft I shift me ev'ry day.
 Shall I wear cloaths, in *awkward England* made?
 And sweat in cloth, to help the *woollen trade*?
 In *French* embroid'ry and in *Flanders* lace
 I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,
 And I'd out-di'mond ev'n the *Di'mond Count*.
 I would convince the world by taudry cloa's,
 That *Belles* are less effeminate than beaux,
 And Doctor *Lamb* should pare my Lordship's toes. }
 To boon companions I my time would give,
 With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.

I would

I would with *Jockeys* from *Newmarket* dine,
 And to *Rough-riders* give my choicest wine.
 I would carefs some *Stableman* of note,
 And imitate his language, and his *coat*.
 My ev'nings all I would with *sharpers* spend,
 And make the *Thief-catcher* my bosom friend.
 In *Fig* the Prize-fighter by day delight,
 And sup with *Colly Cibber* ev'ry night.

Should I perchance be fashionably ill,
 I'd fend for *Misaubin*, and take his pill.
 I should abhor, though in the utmost need,
Arbutnot, *Hollins*, *Wigan*, *Lee*, or *Mead*:
 But if I found that I grew worse and worse,
 I'd turn off *Misaubin* and take a Nurse.
 How oft, when eminent physicians fail,
 Do good old womens remedies prevail?
 When beauty's gone, and *Chloe*'s struck with years,
 Eyes she can couch, or she can fyringe ears.
 Of Graduates I dislike the learned rout,
 And chuse a *female Doctor* for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull *pedants* curs'd,
 Sure, of all blockheads, *Scholars* are the worst.

Back to your *Universitys*, ye fools,
 And dangle Arguments on strings in schools:
 Those schools which *Universitys* they call,
 'Twere well for *England* were there none at all.
 With ease that loss the nation might sustain,
 Supply'd by *Goodman's Fields* and *Drury-lane*.
Oxford and *Cambridge* are not worth one farthing,
 Compar'd to *Haymarket*, and *Convent-garden* :
 Quit those, ye British Youth, and follow these,
 Turn players all, and take your 'Squires degrees.
 Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,
 Ye book-learn'd Seats ! the Theatres have more :
 Ye stiff-rump'd heads of Colleges be dumb,
 A finging Eunuch gets a larger Sum.
 Have some of you three hundred by the Year,
Booth, *Rich*, and *Cibber*, twice three thousand clear.
 Should *Oxford* to her sister *Cambridge* join
 A Year's *Rack-rent*, and *Arbitrary fine* :
 Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
 For Playhouse, Opera, Ball, and Masquerade.
 Glad I congratulate the judging Age,
 The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am

I am a Politician too, and hate
 Of any party, ministers of state:
 I'm for an *Act*, that he, who sev'n whole Years
 Has serv'd his *King* and *Country*, lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified you find,
 To give the laws of *Taste* to humane kind.
 Mine are the gallant Schemes of Politesse,
 For books, and buildings, politicks, and dress.
 This is *True Taste*, and who so likes it not,
 Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.



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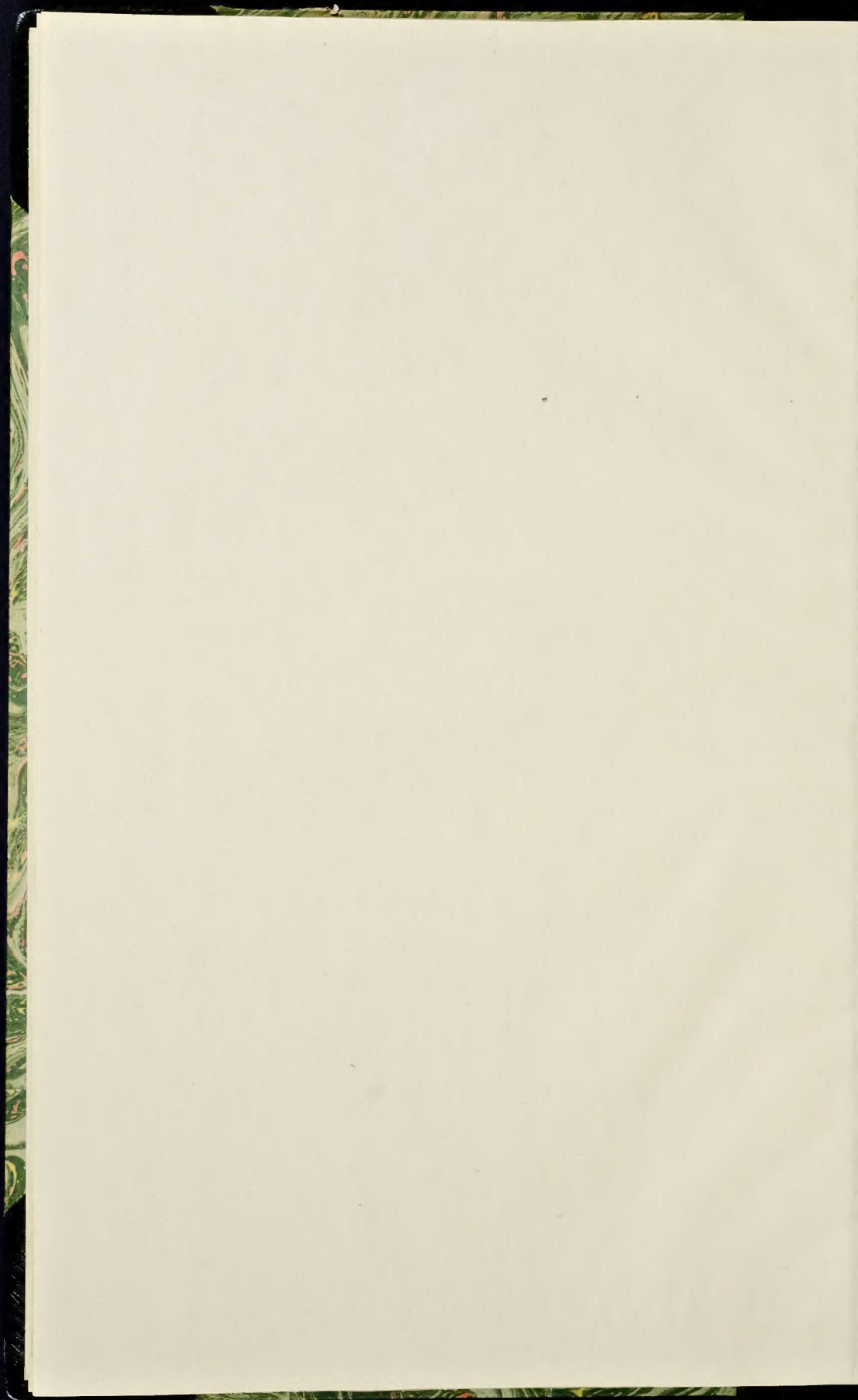
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